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H Y M N S

Sacred to the

LOR'D's-TABLE,

COLLECTED and METHODIZ'D.

By *CHARLES OWEN*.

— ὁμνῶσιντες — They—sung a Hymn, Mar.
xxvi. 30.

*Speaking among your selves in Psalms, Hymns,
and Spiritual Songs, Ephes. v. 19.*



Arch. Bodl. A. I. 39.



LEVERPOOLE:

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T O T H E
R E A D E R.

ONE main Intendment of this small Collection, is to recreate and refresh our Devotions at the Sacred Banquet, where we have a Taste of those Joys that flow from the Supreme Throne.

THE Gloomy and Tragick Scene display'd at the Lord's Table, does not forbid our Joy in the Lord: Musick becomes a Feast so divine and delightful; and, oh that we had the Tongues of Seraphims, to sing the Praises of our bleeding Lord!

THE Provision of this Table is the Admiration, and Entertainment of Angels: We stand upon higher Ground, and shall it not then fill us with higher Raptures of Love and Wonder.

THIS Mysterious Feast does not only represent the Affections and Agonies of our Great Redeemer, but gives us a pleasing Taste of the pure Felicities Above, where we shall join with Angels in singing Anthems of Pleasure and Praise to him who sits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb for ever.

ALL Parts of Divine Worship have their peculiar Relish, but the Sacrifice of Praise ex-

To the R E A D E R.

cells 'em all ; it gives, in some Measure, present possession of *Cælestial Joys*. Here the wearied Mind is refresh'd with some Drops that descend from the River of Pleasures at GOD's Right-Hand ; and this imperfect Gust can't but inflame our Desires after fuller Fruition.

PRAISE is the Musick of Heaven, the Delight of GOD, and his Glorious Attendants ; and here we begin those Hallelujahs in which we hope to be eternally employ'd. Hence 'tis that the Psalms, and Spiritual Songs, have, in all Ages, been entertain'd with a distinguishing Veneration and Complacency.

Among the Jews, none might go into the Desks of the Singing Men, but Persons of Note, and among them, the Levites only bore their Part in the Vocal-Musick ; nor might any join with 'em in the Instrumental, excepting such who were in near affinity to the Priesthood, and had addicted 'emselves to Musical-Devotion. *

THE Jews had their greater and lesser Hallel ; the lesser, call'd the Egyptian Hallel, which was a Hymn collected out of the Psalms, and sung in commemoration of their Deliverance out of Egypt.

THE greater Hallel they sung at the Passover. That which they commonly call'd The Cup of Hallel, Christ took, and ordain'd

* Lightfoot, Vol. II.

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TO the R E A D E R.

for the Cup of the New Testament in his Blood: And after it, He, and His Disciples, sung the Hymn, or the Hal'el out, which begun at Psalm 113. and ended with Psalm 118 Ibid

THE Apostolick and Primitive Christians, in their sorrowful Retirements refresh'd themselves with Psalms, and Spiritual-Songs; during the Administration of the Holy Supper, they sung Spiritual Hymns, and Psalms.

THE great Reason that induc'd Thodoret, who liv'd in the Vth Century, to begin his Commentaries with an Exposition of the Psalms, was because he lookt upon 'em as the most useful Parts of Scripture, for the Entertainment of pious Minds.

Cassiodorus, who Flourish'd in the VIth Century, no sooner tasted the Sweetness of the Psalms, but he wholly gave up himself to the reading of 'em, and shows how they were sung to the Office of the Night and Morning.

'TIS observ'd of St. Austen, that bearing the heavenly singing of Psalms at Milan, was one means of his Conversion. †

IN brief, Hymns and Psalms made up a considerable Part of Divine Worship in those early Days of Christianity. 'Twas customary

† Aug. Confes. ix. Cap. 6, 7. quantum flevi in Hymnis.

To the R E A D E R.

among 'em to sing Psalms and Heavenly Hymns at Dinner, and Clemens Alexandrinus pleads for it. †

CHRYSTOSTOM also argues for it to be us'd at ordinary Works, as well as at and after Meals.

WE read of the Hymns of the Church, the Hymns of Nepos, the Hymns of St. Ambrose, and Hymns proving the Divinity of Christ. *

IN Pliny the Younger's Time, the Christians assembled daily in the Morning to sing a Hymn to Christ, in Honour of his GOD. In France, the Reformation from Popery was begun by Singing Psalms, it went on successfully, 'till a Check was put to its Progress by the Cardinal of Lorrain, who procur'd some obscene Poems to be turn'd into French, and set to Psalm-Tunes, and sung in room of the Holy Psalms.

Now, to render this Divine Work more pleasant, especially at the Solemn Feast, I cou'd wish ev'ry Communicant wou'd furnish himself with a Book, that they might sing at that Bless'd Ordinance, without the tiresome way of giving out every Line. This is the Practice of the Reformed Churches abroad, in their

† Kai Παυσανίας — Παdag. Lib. ii. Cap. iv.

* Just. Mart. Euseb.

To the R E A D E R.

Common as well as Sacramental Singing: And if all our Congregations and Families us'd this Method, it wou'd mightily promote this Heavenly Work, and render it more like the Harmonious Melody Above.

IF there be any Communicants that can't read, this will be an Inducement to learn, or at least to excite em to bring up their Children to reading. And if there be some who are not able to buy Book, it gives the Rich a new Occasion to Honour GOD with their Substance, by assisting them.

THE Protestants of France, Germany, Swedeland, Denmark, Switzerland, — are very remarkable for their pleasant Singing of Psalms, and no wonder, since they are brought up to Sing by Notes, as well as Reading.

I WOULD also recommend it to Families, and Publick Assemblies, to accustom 'em-selves to a more quick way of Singing, which I take to be agreeable to the primitive Practice.

THE Great Athanasius, (Bishop of Alexandria) and St. Austin, (Bishop of Hippo) in particular, approv'd of this quick and expedite Mode of Singing, (the former wish'd 'twere establish'd in the Church.) †

† Tutiusq; mihi videtur quod de Alexand. Episc. Athanasio saepe mihi dictum commemine, qui tam modico flexu vocis faciabat sonare lectoram Psalmi, ut pronuncianti vicinior esset quam Canti. Aug. Confes. Lib. x. Cap. xxxiii.

BUT,

TO THE R E A D E R.

BUT, after all, 'tis not the external Voice or any artificial Turns given to it, that the Almighty regards; the Modulation of the Voice without a due Elevation of the Heart, is but as a sounding Brass, or tinkling Cymbal, a bodily Service, that profits nothing.

IT remains only that I tell ye, that in the ensuing Collection, I made use of Tate and Brady's Version of the Psalms, and Mason's Spiritual Songs. A few Things I borrow'd from Mr. Herbert, Patrick, Boyse, Stennet, Davies.

BUT am most oblig'd to the Ingenious Mr. Watts, whose Divine Compositions claim the greatest Share in the Performance: He has found out the happy Mean at once, to gratify the Fancy, and guide it to its proper End and Operation. That Air of Seriousness, intermixt with the bright Images that illustrate his Poems, admirably serve to kindle the Fire of Spiritual Affection in the Reader.

THAT GOD would crown with Success, all Attempts for the Advancement of Serious Piety and Praise, are the sincere Prayers of

Your Servant,

Warrington,
May 1. 1712.

CHARLES OWEN.

H Y M N S

H Y M N S

Sacred to the
LORD's-TABLE, &c.

H Y M N I.

- 1 **G**LORY to GOD that walks the Sky,
And sends his Blessings thro',
That tells his Saints of Joys on high,
And gives a Taste below.
- 2 Glory to GOD that stoops his Throne,
That Dull and Worms may see't,
And brings a Glimpse of Glory down,
Around his sacred Feet.
- 3 When *Christ*, with all his Graces crown'd,
Sheds his kind Beams abroad,
'Tis a young Heav'n on earthly Ground,
And Glory in the Bud.
- 4 A blooming *Paradise* of Joy,
In this wild Desert springs;
And ev'ry Sense it do's employ,
On sweet Cælestial Things.
- 5 But oh how soon my Joys decay!
How soon my Sins arise!
And snatch the heavenly Scene away,
From these lamenting Eyes.

B

6 When

- 6 When shall I bath my weary Soul,
In Seas of heavenly rest?
And not a Wave of Trouble roll,
Across my peaceful Breast.
-

H Y M N II.

- 1 **C**OME let us join a joyful Tune
To our exalted Lord,
Ye Saints on high, arround his Throne,
And we arround his Board.
- 2 The Tree of Life, that near the Throne,
In Heaven's high Garden grows;
Laden with Grace, bends gently down,
It's ever smiling Boughs.
- 3 Among the golden Leaves there stands,
The sweet Cælestial Dove;
And *Jesus* on the Branches hangs,
The Banner of his Love.
- 4 It's a young Heaven of strange Delight,
While in his Shade we sit,
His Fruit is pleasing to the Sight,
And to the Taste as sweet.
- 5 Now let the flaming Weapon stand,
And guard all *Eden's* Trees;
There's ne'er a Plant in all that Land,
That bears such Fruits as these.
- 6 Altho' we forfeited the Bliss,
Lost *Eden* did afford,
We are advanc'd to higher Joys,
In *Paradise* restor'd.
- 7 Therefore let us in thankful Songs,
Our great Redeemer bless,
And what his wondrous Love has wro't,
With joyful Tongues expreß.

H Y M N

H Y M N III. *To be sung as the C. Psalm:*

1 **B**LEST *Jefus* ! What delicious Fare !
 How sweet thy Entertainments are !
 Never did Angels taste above,
 Redeeming Grace, and dying Love.

2 While such a Scene of Sacred Joys,
 Our raptur'd Eyes and Souls employs,
 Here we could sit and gaze away,
 A Long, an Everlasting Day.

3 In *Paradise*, within the Gates,
 An higher Entertainment waits,
 Fruits New and Old, laid up in Store,
 There we shall feed, but thirst no more.

4 Oh mount and bear us far above,
 The reach of these inferior Things,
 Descend from Heav'n, Immortal Dove,
 Stoop down, and take us on thy Wings.

5 Mount us above the lofty Sky,
 Up, where eternal Ages roll ;
 Where solid Pleasures never die,
 And Fruits immortal Feast the Soul.

6 There, there he shews his smiling Face,
 And cloaths all Heav'n in bright Array,
 Triumph and Joy, run thro' the Place,
 And Songs eternal as the Day.

H Y M N IV.

MY dearest Lord, thou art my Love,
 My bright and lasting Robe,
 I've none but thee in Heav'n above,
 Or on this Earthly Globe.

- 2 In vain the bright and burning Sun,
Scatters its feeble Light,
'Tis thy sweet Beams create my Noon,
If thou withdraw, 'tis Night.
- 3 And while upon my restless Bed,
Among the Shades I roll:
If my Redeemer shews his Head,
'Tis Morning with my Soul.
- 4 Let others stretch their Arms like Seas,
And grasp in all the Shore,
Grant me the visits of thy Grace,
And I desire no more.
- 5 Let Joy Divine, and Worship spend,
The remnant of my Days:
And to my GOD my Soul ascend,
In sweet perfumes of Praise.
- 6 Let them neglect thy Glory, Lord,
Who never knew thy Face,
But our loud Song shall still record,
The Wonders of thy Grace.

H Y M N V. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **W**HEN we were Traytors, doom'd to Fire
Bound to sustain immortal Pains,
Christ flew on Wings of strong Desire,
Assum'd our Guilt, and took our Chains.
- 2 Surprizing Grace! Almighty Charms!
Stand in amaze ye rolling Skies:
Jesus, the GOD, with naked Arms,
Hangs on a Cross of Love, and dies.
- 3 Did ever Pity stoop so low,
Drest in Divinity and Blood?
Was ever Rebel courted so.
In Groans of an expiring GOD?

- 4 Sure I must love, or are my Ears
Still deaf, nor feel the Passion move?
Then let me melt my Heart to Tears,
And die, because I cannot love.
 - 5 Come let us join our chearful Songs,
With glorious Angels round the Throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
But all their mighty Joys are One.
 - 6 What equal Honours shall we bring,
To thee, Oh Lord, our GOD, the Lamb?
When all the Notes that Angels sing,
Are far inferior to thy Name.
-

H Y M N VI.

- 1 **O** H! 'twas a joyful Sound to hear
Our Tribes devoutly say,
Up *Israel* to the Temple haste,
And keep your Festal-Day.
- 2 At *Salem's* Court we now appear,
How lovely is the Place!
Here GOD, enthron'd in Glory, shews
The Brightness of his Face.
- 3 O Lord of Hosts, and *Sion's* King,
how highly blest are they,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
And there thy Praise display.
- 4 In thy blest Courts, one single Day,
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any Place besides,
A Thousand Years to spend.
- 5 With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore,
As thou art wont to visit those,
That thy Great Name adore.

6 On me, devoted to thy fear,
Lord make thy Face to shine,
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
My Heart with Zeal incline.

H Y M N VII. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **C**H R I S T is my Rock, how firm he proves,
The Rock of Ages never moves,
Yet the sweet Streams that from him flow,
Attend us all the Desert thro'.
- 2 *Christ* is the Way that leads to GOD,
The Path is drawn in Lines of Blood:
Here wou'd I walk with Hope and Zeal,
Till I arrive at *Sion-Hill*.
- 3 *Christ* is my Sun, his Beams are Grace,
His Course is Joy in every Place;
We can't rejoice till he appears,
To chase our Clouds, and dry our Tears.
- 4 *Christ* is the Door, I'll enter in,
Behold the Pastures large and green;
A *Paradise* divinely fair,
None but the Sheep are feasted there.
- 5 Is *Christ* a Tree? the World receives,
Salvation from his healing Leaves.
Is he a Rose? not *Sharon* yields,
Such Fragancy in all her Fields.
- 6 Nor Earth, nor Seas, nor Sun, nor Stars,
Nor Heav'n his full Resemblance bears:
His Beauties we can never trace,
Till we behold him Face to Face.
- 7 The upright Hearts, let gladness fill,
And let the Servants of thy Will,
Thy Favour's gentle Beams enjoy,
And cheerful Songs their Tongues employ.

H Y M N

H Y M N VIII.

- 1 **M**Y Lord, my Love, was crucify'd,
 He all the Pains did bear;
 But in the Sweetness of his Rest,
 He makes his Servants share.
- 2 His Blood was shed instead of ours,
 His Soul our Hell did bear,
 He took our Sins, gave us himself,
 Oh what exchange is here!
- 3 Whatever is not Hell it self,
 For me it is too good;
 But must we eat the Flesh of *Christ*?
 And must we drink his Blood?
- 4 His Flesh is heavenly Food indeed.
 His Blood is Drink divine;
 His Graces drop like Honey-falls,
 His Comforts taste like Wine,
- 5 Sweet *Christ* thou hast refresh'd our Souls
 With thy resplendent Grace,
 For which we magnifie thy Name,
 And long to see thy Face.
- 6 When shall our Souls mount up to thee,
 Most Holy, Just, and True?
 To eat that Bread, and drink that Wine,
 Which is for ever New.

H Y M N IX.

- 1 **T**HOU art all Love, my dearest Lord,
 Thou art all lovely too:
 Thy Love I at thy Table tast,
 Thy Loveliness I view.

- 2 Thou still more lovely art to me,
For all that thou hast born,
Each Cloud sets off thy Lustre more,
Thee all thy Scars adorn.
- 3 Thy Garments tinctur'd with thy Blood,
The best and noblest dy,
Out-shine the Robes that Princes wear,
Thy Thorns their Pearls out-vie.
- 4 See in his Hands and Feet the Nails,
Piercing the tender Veins;
See how each VVound the blushing Ground,
VVith precious Tincture stains.
- 5 Ah cruel Sins, how odious now,
And how deform'd are they!
VVhile in that crimson Fountain we,
Their monstrous Hue survey.
- 6 Let's praise our great Redeemer then,
VVho thus for Sinners stood;
VVho seal'd our Pardons by his Death,
And writ 'em with his Blood.

H Y M N X. *As the XXVth Psaml.*

- 1 **W**elcome sweet Day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
VVelcome to this revived Breast,
And these rejoicing Eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his Saints to Day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And Love, and Praise, and Pray.
- 3 For Food he gives his Flesh,
He bids us drink his Blood.
Amazing Favour! Matchless Grace
Of our descending GOD.

- 1 This holy Bread and VVine,
Maintains our dying Breath;
By Union with our living Lord,
And Interest in his Death.
 - 2 Let all our Powers be join'd,
His glorious Name to raise ;
Pleasure and Love fill ev'ry Mind,
And ev'ry Voice be Praise.
 - 6 VVe wou'd no longer lie,
Like Slaves beneath the Throne ;
Our Faith shall *Abba* Father cry,
And GOD the Kindred own.
-

H Y M N XI.

- 1 **H**ERE view the great Atonement made
By *Christ*, our Sacrifice :
We see thee Blood of *Jesus* shed,
Whence all our Pardons rise.
- 2 His cruel Thorns, his shameful Cross,
Procure us heavenly Crowns ;
Our Highest gain Springs from his Loss,
Our Healing from his Wounds.
- 3 Here we behold his Bowels roll
As kind as when he dy'd ;
And see the Sorrows of his Soul
Bleed thro' his wounded Side.
- 4 Here we receive repeated Seals
Of *Jesus* dying Love :
Hard is the Wretch that never feels
One soft Affection move.
- 5 Here let our Hearts begin to melt,
While we his Death record ;
And with our Joy for pardon'd guilt
Mourn that we pierc'd our Lord.

6 Here

- 6 Here while we sit, and sing, and tell,
 The Wonders of his Grace,
 In Raptures let our Souls ascend,
 A Sacrifice of Praise.
-

H Y M N XII.

- 1 **L**ORD, we adore thy bounteous Hand,
 And sing the solemn Feast,
 Where sweet Cælestial Dainties stand,
 For ev'ry pious Guest.
- 2 The Tree of Life adorns the Board,
 With rich immortal Fruit ;
 And ne'er an angry flaming Sword
 To guard the Passage to't.
- 3 The Cup stands crown'd with living Juice,
 The Fountain flows above,
 And runs down freely for our use,
 In mighty Streams of Love.
- 4 The Food's prepar'd by heavenly Art,
 The Pleasure's well refin'd,
 They spread new Life thro' ev'ry Heart,
 And cheer the drooping Mind.
- 5 Come let us lift our Voices high,
 High as our Joys arise,
 And join the Songs above the Sky,
 Where Pleasure never dies.
- 6 Descend thou sweet Cælestial Fire,
 And seize us from above;
 Melt us in Flames of pure Desire,
 A Sacrifice to Love.

(H)
H Y M N XIII. *As the XXV. Psalm.*

1 **M**Y GOD! my Life! my Love!
To Thee! to Thee I call!

I cannot live if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Thy shining Grace can cheer
This Dungeon where I dwell;
'Tis *Paradise* when thou art here,
If thou depart, 'tis *Hell*.

3 The smilings of thy Face,
How amiable they are;
'Tis heaven to rest in thy Embrace,
And no where else but there.

3 Nor Earth, nor heaven high,
Can one Delight afford,
No, not a Drop of real Joy,
VWithout thy Presence, Lord.

5 Thou art the Sea of Love,
VWhere all my Pleasures roll,
The Circle where my Passions move,
And Centre of my Soul.

6 To thy dear self I fly,
VWith infinite Desire;
And yet how far from thee I lie,
Dear *Jesus* raise me higher.

7 Then I'll with *Isr'el's* Saints,
Of my Redeemer sing,
And with the Sons of *Sion-Hill*,
Be joyful in my King.

H Y M N XIV.

1 **M**Y Sins aloud for Vengeance call,
But lo! a Fountain springs
From *Christ's* pierc'd Side, which louder cries,
And speaketh better Things.

2 It is

- 2 Its Stream do's water *Paradise*,
It makes the Angels sing,
One Cordial-Drop revives my Heart,
Hence all my Comforts spring.
 - 3 I need not go abroad for Joy,
Who have a Feast at home ;
My mournful Sighs are turn'd to Songs,
The Comforter is come.
 - 4 I see his Face, I hear his Voice,
I taste his sweetest Love,
My Soul do's leap, but oh ! for Wings,
The Wings of *Noah's Dove*.
 - 5 Then shou'd I flee far hence away,
Leaving this World of Sin :
Then wou'd my Lord put forth his Hand,
And kindly take me in.
 - 6 Then Shou'd my Soul with Angels feast,
On Joys that always last.
Blest be my GOD, the GOD of Joy,
Who gives me here a Taste.
-

H Y M N XV.

- 1 **H**Osanna to our conquering King,
All Hail Incarnate Love !
Ten thousand Songs, and Glories wait,
To crown thy Head above.
- 2 Arch Angels sound his lofty Praise,
Thro' every heavenly Street,
And lay their highest Honours down.
Submissive at his Feet.
- 3 Those soft, those blessed Feet of his,
Which once rude Iron tore,
High on a Throne of Light they stand,
And all the Saints adore.

- 4 His Head, the dear Majestick Head,
That cruel Thorns did wound,
See what immortal Glories shine,
And circle it around.
- 5 His Glories infinitely rise,
Above our labouring Tongue,
In vain the highest *Seraph* tries,
To form an equal Song.
- 6 Shout and proclaim the Saviour's Love,
Ye Saints that taste his Wine;
Join with your kindred Saints above,
In loud Hosanna join.

H Y M N XVI.

- 1 **G**OD spared not his only Son,
But gave him for us all;
And made him drink the Cup of wrath,
The Wormwood and the Gall.
- 2 He dy'd, indeed, but rose again,
And did ascend on high,
That we poor Sinners, lost and dead,
Might live eternally.
- 3 Good Lord! how many Souls in Hell,
Eternal Vengeance bear,
Were it not for a dying *Christ*,
Our dwelling had been there.
- 4 Our Sins for Vengeance loudly cry,
Justice, with dreadful Sound,
Cries too, *Cut down this fruitless Tree,*
Why cumberst it the Ground?
- 5 Why shou'd not patience make me sing,
When Hell wou'd make me roar?
Lord let thy Patience end in Love,
And I'll sing evermore.

- 6 Oh! then let us give Thanks to GOD,
 Who still do's Gracious prove,
 And let the Tribute of our Praise,
 Be endless as his Love.

H Y M N XVII. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **H**AIL, Great *Immanuel*! all Divine,
 In thee bright Scenes of Glories shine,
 Thou Kindest, Sweetest, Fairest One,
 That Eyes have seen, or Angels known.
- 2 From thy dear Blood, a Stream Divine,
 Flows sweeter than the choicest Wine,
 Here thou afford'st a Taste of Love,
 But keep'st thy noblest Feast above.
- 3 My best Beloved has his Throne,
 On Hills of Light, in Worlds unknown;
 Yet condescends to shew his Face,
 In the young Gardens of his Grace.
- 4 With living Bread, and generous Wine,
 He cheers this drooping Heart of mine,
 And opening his dear Breast to me,
 He shews his Thoughts, how kind they be.
- 5 Oh! never let my Lord depart,
 Lord rest on my enamour'd Heart,
 I charge my Sins not once to move,
 Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.
- 6 Here, Lord, in humble Notes I'll praise,
 The Wonders of thy dying Grace,
 Till I shall celebrate thy Love,
 In loftier Strains of Praise above.

H Y M N XVIII.

- 1 **N**OW shall my inward Joys arise,
And burst into a Song ;
Almighty Love inspires my Heart,
And Pleasure tunes my Tongue.
- 2 *Jesus* has all my Pow'rs possess'd,
My Hopes, my Fears, my Joys.
He the dear Sovereign of my Breast,
Shall still command my voice.
- 3 The bright Angelick Train above,
Shall flock around my Song,
With Joy to hear the Name they love,
Sound from a mortal Tongue.
- 4 Our Hymns shou'd sound like those Above,
Cou'd we our Voices raise,
Yet, Lord, our Hearts shou'd all be Love,
And all our Lives be Praise.
- 5 The Prospect of the Heavenly Throne,
Our Joys to Heaven raise,
Where we like Stars shall brightly shine,
By *Christ's* diffused Rays.
- 6 Let his attractive Glories warm
Our Hearts with fervent Love,
And fill 'em with transcendent Joys,
Foretastes of those Above.

H Y M N XIX.

- 1 **M**Y Soul with grateful Thoughts of Love,
Entirely is possess'd,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear,
The Voice of my Request.

- 2 Then free from penfive Cares my Soul,
resume thy wonted Rest ;
For GOD has wondrously to thee,
His bounteous Love exprest.
- 3 Then what return to GOD shall I ?
For all his Goodness make,
I'll praise his Name, and with glad Zeal,
The Cup of Blessing take.
- 4 To him the Triumph I'll ascribe,
From whom the Conquest came,
In GOD I will rejoyce all Day,
And ever bless his Name.
- 5 Lord in the way of thy Command,
More solid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vast increase,
Of envy'd Riches crown'd.
- 6 To keep thy Statutes undefac'd,
Shall be my constant Joy,
The strict remembrance of thy Love,
Shall all my Thoughts employ.

H Y M N XX. *As the XXVth Psalm.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when we taste thy Love,
Our Joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those Above,
And Heaven begins below.
- 2 Thy Love retains its pow'r,
In the blest Realms above,
Where Faith and Hope are known no more,
But Saints for ever love.
- 3 Why shou'd my Passions rove ?
Where can such Sweetness be,
As I have tasted in thy Love,
As I have found in thee.

- 4 The Hill of *Sion* yields,
A thousand sacred Sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly Fields,
Or walk the golden Streets.
- 5 Of all the Joys we know,
Christ's Love exceeds the rest,
Love's the best Blessing here below,
The Heaven of the blest.
- 6 For e'er thy sacred Name
Shall dwell upon my Tongue,
Dear *Jesus*, and Salvation be,
The Close of every Song.

H Y M N XXI

- 1 **T**ELL us, oh *Jesus* ! dost thou love?
And dost thou love indeed?
Why do we ask ? Did we not see,
Thy Love just now to bleed?
- 2 What greater Love than bleeding Love ?
Oh Love most ravishing !
This Song of Love, when we're above,
We shall for ever sing.
- 3 See here an endless Ocean flows,
Of never-failing Grace,
Behold a dying Saviour's Veins,
The sacred Flood increase.
- 4 His living Pow'rs, and dying Love,
Redeem'd enslav'd Men,
And rais'd the Ruins of our Race,
To Life and Love again.
- 5 Oh ! for this Love let Rocks and Hills,
Their lasting silence break,
And let our Tongues with sound more sweet
The Saviour's Praises speak.

- 6 Yes, we will praise thee, dearest Lord,
Our Souls are all on flame,
Hosanna round the spacious Earth,
To his adored Name.

H Y M N XXII.

- 1 **A**ND what! Did my dear Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that Sacred Head,
For such a Worm as I?
- 2 Well might the Sun in darkness hide
(For very dread) his Face.
When the Great GOD of Nature dy'd,
For *Adam's* sinful Race.
- 3 So shou'd I hide my blushing Face,
While his dear Cross appears;
Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.
- 4 But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay,
The Sea of Love I owe:
Lord, my whole self I give to thee,
'Tis all that I can do.
- 5 My willing Soul wou'd gladly stay,
In such a Frame as this,
And sit and sing her self away,
To everlasting Bliss.
- 6 Well may my sacred Songs abound,
And ev'ry Tear be dry,
I'm marching thro' *Immanuel's* Ground,
To fairer World's on high.

H Y M N

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- 1 **P**lung'd in a Gulph of dark Despair,
 We wretched Sinners lay,
 Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
 Or Spark of glim'ring Day.
- 2 With pining Eye the Prince of Grace
 Beheld our helpless Grief;
 And on the Wings of mighty Love,
 Flew swift to our relief.
- 3 Aside the Prince of Glory threw
 His most Divine Aray,
 And wrapt his Godhead in a Veil,
 Of our inferior Clay.
- 4 Our Thoughts are lost in Reverend Awe.
 We Love, and we Adore:
 The brightest Angels never saw
 So much of GOD before.
- 5 In *Christ* the whole Deity is known,
 Nor dares a Creature guess,
 Which of the Glories brightest shone,
 The Justice or the Grace.
- 6 We sing the strange amazing Deeds;
 That Grace Divine performs,
 The Son of GOD comes down and bleeds,
 To nourish dying Worms.
- 7 We give thee, Lord, our highest Praise,
 The Tribute of our Tongues,
 But Themes so infinite as these,
 Exceed our noblest Songs.
- Bright Angels strike your loudest Strings,
 Your sweetest Voices raise,
 Let Heav'n, and all created Things,
 Sound our *Immanuel's* Praise.

H Y M N XXIV. *As the CXLVIII. Psalm.*

1 **S**ING the Redeemer's Praise,
 Triumph in him above,
 My Soul bear thou thy part,
 Sing forth thy songs of Love :
 Thou art his own,
 His precious Blood,
 Shed for thy good,
 His Love made known.

2 Here, Lord, will I admire,
 The Wonders of thy Grace,
 Till thou shalt call me higher,
 There to behold thy Face.
 Oh Height of Grace!
 Oh Depth of Love!
 Now fit me for
 The Joys above.

3 Who can this Love express ?
 A Love that ne'er decays,
 What can my Soul do less,
 Than love him all my Days ?
 Else GOD my Soul,
 Ev'n unto Death,
 And offer Praise,
 With ev'ry Breath.

H Y M N XXV.

1 **O**H! the sharp Pangs of smarting Pain,
 My dear Redeemer bore,
 When knotty Whips and ragged Thorns,
 His sacred Body tore.

2 But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns,
 In vain do I accuse ;
 In vain I blame the Roman Bands,
 And the more spiteful Jews.

3 'Twere

- 3 'Twere you my Sins, my cruel Sins,
His chief Tormentors were,
Each of my Crimes became a Nail,
And Unbelief the Spear.
- 4 My Hypocrisie was the Kiss,
That *Jesus* did betray,
The Thorns with which his Head was tore,
My Earthly Thoughts were they.
- 5 He left his Joy to feel our Smart,
His Ruin did us raise,
This Love, O Lord! do s pierce our Heart,
Oh! let it mend our Praise.
- 6 A multitude of Joys shall throng,
Upon my Lips to sit,
While my glad Soul breaths out a Song,
To him that ransom'd it.

H Y M N XXVI. *As the XXVth Psalm.*

- 1 **G**lory to GOD on high,
Good Will to Men below,
If thus the Friendly Angels cry,
What Joy shou'd Mortals show?
- 2 Let's then approach thy Throne,
And thankful Offerings bring,
For in his Temple e'ery one,
Shou'd of thy Glory sing.
- 3 Thy Flesh is Meat indeed,
Thy Blood the richest Wine,
How blest are they who often feed,
On this Repast of thine.
- 4 May Joy with humble Fear,
A true Devotion raise,
In all who are assembled here,
To celebrate thy Praise.

- 5 Holanna to his Love,
 For such a Taste below,
 And yet he feeds his Saints above,
 With nobler Blessings too.
- 6 Come the dear glorious Day,
 That brings our Souls to rest,
 When we shall need these Types no more,
 When with the Substance blest.

H Y M N XXVII. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord of Life this Table spread,
 with his own Flesh, and dying Blood:
 We on the rich Provision feed,
 And taste the Wine, and bless the GOD.
- 2 See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
 Sorrow and Love flow mingled down:
 Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,
 Or Thorns e'er compose such a Crown?
- 3 Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
 That were a Present far too small,
 Love so Amazing, so Divine,
 Demands my soul, my Life, my All.
- 4 Here I behold God's inmost Heart,
 Where Grace and Vengeance strangely join,
 Piercing his Son with sharpest Smart,
 To make the purchas'd Pleasures mine.
- 5 Jesus we will frequent thy Board,
 And prize the Food on which we live,
 But oh the Bounties of our Lord!
 Demand more Praise than Tongues can give.
- 6 Joy to the Master of the Feast,
 His Name our Souls for ever bless,
 To GOD the King, and GOD the Priest,
 A loud Hosanna round the Place.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXVIII.

- 1 **O**H that I had an Angel's Tongue,
That I might loudly sing,
The Wonders of Redeeming Love,
To *Christ*, my God, and King.
- 2 Wouldst thou, oh Lord! thy Pity show,
Thou might'st have looked then,
On sinful Angels, those fall'n Stars,
And not on sinful Men.
- 3 But sinful Angels must be left,
And sinful Man must rise;
For this the Son of GOD must fall,
A bloody Sacrifice.
- 4 Give endless Thanks to GOD, and say,
What Love was this in thee!
That thou hast not with-held thy Son,
Thine Only Son from me.
- 5 The Sick have not more cause to pray,
Than I to praise my King:
Since Nature teaches 'em to Groan,
Let Grace teach me to Sing.
- 6 Let this Day praise Thee, oh my GOD!
And so let all my Days;
And, oh! let mine eternal Day,
Be thine eternal Praise.
-

H Y M N XXIX.

- 1 **R**OUZE up dull Hearts, awake and sing,
'Tis Day, how can you sleep?
The Sun's approach makes Joy to spring,
'Tis clear, how can you weep?

- Each little Bird can pleasant be,
 Yet is its Portion small:
 Oh! What unthankful Hearts have we,
 That droop, and yet have all?
- 3 Where are those blest united Ones,
 That have sup't with their King?
 Spoil not this Feast with Sighs and Groans,
 Lift up your Voice and Sing.
- 4 Or let us only mourn that we,
 Our Comforter shou'd grieve,
 Our *Christ*, who poured forth his Blood,
 That he might us relieve.
- 5 Let the redeemed of the Lord,
 Their thankful Voices raise:
 Can we be dumb, while Angels sing,
 Our great Redeemer's praise?
- 6 Come let us join with Angels then,
 Glory to GOD on high,
 Peace upon Earth, Good-will to Men,
Amen, Amen, say I.

H Y M N XXX.

- 1 **M**ERCY is GOD's Memorial,
 And in all Ages prais'd:
 My GOD! thy only Son did fall,
 That Mercy might be rais'd.
- 2 Mercy, that shining Attribute,
 The Sinner's Hope and Plea;
 Huge Hosts of Sins, in our pursuit,
 Are drown'd in Mercy's Sea.
- 3 I that am drawn out of the Depth,
 Will sing upon the Shore,
 I that in Hell's dark Suburbs lay,
 Pure Mercy will adore.

- 4 Tortur'd and wrack'd with direful Fears,
Left GOD the Blow shou'd give,
When Eyes did fail, and Heart did sink,
Then Mercy bid me live.
- 5 In vain the baffled Prince of Hell,
His cursed Projects tries ;
We that were doom'd his endless Slaves,
Are rais'd above the Skies.
- 6 I'll triumph in this boundless Grace,
Which thus has set me free,
Extol with Shouts, oh thou my Soul !
Thy Saviour's Love to thee.
-

H Y M N XXXI.

- 1 **S**itting around our Father's Board,
We raise our tuneful Breath :
Our Faith beholds her dying Lord,
And dooms our Sins to death.
- 2 There is nothing round this spacious Earth,
That suits our large Desire :
To boundless Joy, and solid Mirth,
Let nobler Thoughts aspire.
- 3 There's a Land of pure Delights,
Where Saints immortal reign,
Infinite Day excludes the Night,
And Pleasures banish Pain.
- 4 When I can read my Title clear,
To Mansions in the Skies,
I bid farewell to e'ry Fear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.
- 5 I wou'd not be a Stranger still,
To that Celestial Place,
Where I for ever hope to dwell,
Near my Redeemer's Face.

6 I wish

- 6 I with the Glorious Prospect fir'd,
Will of that Kingdom speak;
And *Christ's* great Love, by all admir'd,
My lofty Subject make.
-

H Y M N XXXII.

- 1 **W**elcome and dear unto my Soul,
Is this sweet Feast of Love:
But oh! the Sweets that I shall taste,
When I shall Feast Above.
- 2 Oh! Feast of Wonders Mercies Pawn,
The weary Soul's Recruit,
The Christian's *Giften*, Heaven's Dawn,
The Bud of endless Fruit.
- 3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray,
Thy Footsteps Lord, I trace,
I sing to think this is the Way,
To my dear Saviour's Face.
- 4 Let my sweet Saviour's Love appear,
By some assuring Sign:
Thou, Lord, my fainting Soul dost cheer,
In saying, thou art *mine*.
- 5 Let others on their Dainties feed,
And drink the richest Wine,
My Feast doth all their Feasts exceed,
When thou sayst, *I am thine*.
- 6 Let then my Tongue thy Mercies sing,
Inspir'd with grateful Joy:
And cheerful Hymns in praise of Thee,
Shall all my Days employ.
-

H Y M N XXXIII.

- 1 **T**HOU art my living Fountain, Lord,
Whose Streams on me do flow;
My self I render unto thee,
To whom my self I owe.

- 2 Thy Bounty gives me Bread with Peace,
A Table free from strife:
Thy Blessing is the Staff of Bread,
And Bread the Staff of Life.
- 3 The Jews, the Father's dy'd at last,
Who eat that heavenly Bread,
But these Provisions which we taste,
Can raise us from the Dead.
- 4 Blest be the Lord who gives his Flesh,
To nourish dying Men,
And spreads his Table o'er afresh,
Lest we shou'd faint again.
- 5 With Gleams of Bliss I am refresh'd,
Why, Lord, shou'd I complain,
Since one sweet Moment with my Lord,
Is worth whole Years of Pain.
- 6 As thou, Lord, an immortal Soul,
Hast breathed into me,
So let my Soul be breathing forth.
Immortal Thanks to thee.

H Y M N XXXIV. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **M**Y Lot is fall'n in that blest Land,
Where *Israel's* GOD is truly known,
He fills my Cup with liberal Hand,
And for my Head prepares a Crown.
- 2 No change of Time shall ever shock,
My firm Affection, Lord to thee,
For thou hast always been a Rock,
A Rock, a Shield, a Sun to me.
- 3 Ye Saints that do in Grace excell,
Your grateful Sacrifice prepare:
Christ's glorious Actions loudly tell,
His wondrous Love to all declare.

- 4 To his great Name fresh Altars raise,
Devoutly due respect afford,
Him in his holy Temple praise,
VVhere he's in solemn State ador'd.
- 5 Unto thy Courts thou hast us led,
To banquet on thy Love's Repast,
And drink as from a Fountain's Head,
Of Joys that shall for ever last.
- 6 Therefore to celebrate thy Fame,
Our grateful Voice to Heav'n we'll raise;
And Nations Strangers to thy Name,
Shall learn of us to sing thy Praise.

H Y M N XXXV.

- 1 COME Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickning Pow'rs,
Kindle a Flame of Sacred Love,
In these cold Hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our feeble Songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosanna's languish on our Tongues,
Our best Devotion dies.
- 3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever lie,
At this poor-creeping rate!
Our Love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great.
- 4 Come Holy Spirit gently move,
Our dull and languid Pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's Love,
And that shall kindle ours.
- 5 Haste, O kind Jesus! and remove,
These interposing Days;
Then shall our Passions all be Love,
And all our Pow'rs be Praise.

6 There,

- 6 There, where mighty Floods of Pleasure roll,
And leaves no Autumn Fear,
Where living Trees divinely shine,
And Pearls for Fruit they bear.

H Y M N XXXVI.

- 1 **C**OME all distressed and drooping Saints,
That banquet with the King :
Let this Feast drown your sad Complaint,
And tune your Voice to sing.
- 2 On Earth is no such Sweetness found,
The Lamb of GOD's our Food,
In vain we search the Globe around,
For Bread and Wine so good.
- 3 Carnal Provisions can at best,
But cheer the Heart and Head :
But the rich Cordial that we taste,
Gives Life unto the Dead.
- 4 New Life it spreads thro' dying Hearts,
And cheers the gloomy Mind:
Vigour and Joy this Blood imparts,
Without a Sting behind.
- 5 Here, (saith the Kind Redeeming Lord,
And shews his wounded Side)
*See here the Spring of all your Joys,
That open'd when I dy'd.*
- 6 Here the rich Bounties of our GOD,
And sweetest Glories shine,
Here *Jesus* saith that I am His,
And my Beloved's Mine.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXVII.

- 1 **T** H E E will I praise, O *Christ* my King!
Thee, thee, with Heart sincere;
And to thy Everlasting Name,
Eternal Trophies rear.
- 2 Thy boundless Mercy shown to me,
Transcends my pow'r to tell;
For thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul,
From lowest Depths of Hell.
- 3 Thro' thy most wondrous Works, O Lord!
Thou mak'st my Heart rejoice;
The Thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful Voices.
- 4 The meek Companions of my Grief,
Have found thy Table spread;
And all that love the Lord shall be,
With Joys immortal fed.
- 5 Let those who feast on *Christ* our Life,
Their joyful Voices raise:
For well the feasted it becomes,
To sing glad Songs of Praise.
- 6 Thro' all the changing Scenes of Life,
In Trouble, and in Joy,
My Great Redeemer's Praise shall still,
My grateful Tongue employ.
-

H Y M N XXXVIII.

- 1 **H** O W sweet and awful is the Place,
With *Christ*, within the Doors;
Where everlasting Love displays,
The choicest of her Stores.

- 2 Here ev'ry Bowel of our GOD,
With soft Compassion rolls :
Here Peace and Pardon, bought with Blood,
Is Food for dying Souls.
- 3 While all our Hearts, and all our Songs,
Join to admire the Feast :
Let's all cry out with thankful Tongues,
Lord ! why am I a Guest ?
- 4 Why was I made to hear thy Voice,
And enter while there's room,
When Thousands make a wretched Choice,
And rather starve than come ?
- 5 Pity the Nations, oh our GOD !
Constrain the Earth to come ;
Send thy victorious Word abroad,
And bring the Strangers home.
- 6 When Heath'n Realms with Isra'el's Land,
Conjoin with sweet Accord,
Then all that's born of Man shall see,
The Glory of the Lord ?
- 7 VVe long to see thy Churches full,
That all the chosen Race ;
May with one Voice, and Heart, and Soul,
Sing thy redeeming Grace.

H Y M N XXXIX. *As the XXVth Psalm.*

- 1 THE Triumphs of my Soul,
Shall Death it self out-brave :
Leave dull Mortality behind,
And fly beyond the Grave.
- 2 There where my Jesus reigns,
In Heaven's unmeasur'd Space ;
I'll spend a long Eternity,
In Pleasure, and in Praise.

- 3 There I shall see his Face,
And never, never sin:
There, from the Rivers of his Grace,
Drink endless Pleasures in.
- 4 Yes, and before we rise,
To that immortal State;
The Thoughts of such amazing Bliss,
Shou'd constant Joys create.
- 5 These lively Hopes we owe,
To *Jesus's* dying Love,
VVe now adore thy Grace below,
And long to sing above.
- 6 Dear Lord accept the Praise,
Of these our humble Songs;
'Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise,
VWith our immortal Tongues.

H Y M N XL. *To be sung as the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **L**ORD, in the Dust, before thy Throne,
Our Guilt, and our Disgrace we own:
Thou mad'st us blest, but to our cost,
VVe sinned, and *Paradise* was lost.
- 2 But whilst our Minds, thus fill'd with Awe,
Behold the Terrors of thy Law;
VVe sing the Honours of thy Grace,
That sent to save our ruin'd Race.
- 3 VVe sing thine Everlasting Son,
VWho join'd our Nature to his own,
Adam the Second, from the Dust,
Raises the Ruins of the First.
- 4 His dearest Flesh he makes my Food,
And bids me drink his precious Blood:
Here to thy Courts I'll humbly come,
'Till my Beloved lead me Home.

- 5 Oh! may my Spirit daily rise,
 On Wings of Faith, above the Skies;
 'Till Death shall make my last Remove;
 To dwell for ever with my Love.
- 6 Send Comforts down from thy Right-hand,
 While we pass thro' this barren Land,
 And at thy Table let us see
 A Glimpse of Love, a Glimpse of Thee.
- 7 Be thou, oh *Christ*! exalted high,
 And all thy Glory fills the Sky,
 So let it be on Earth display'd,
 Till thou art here, as there obey'd.

H Y M N XLI

- 1 I'LL celebrate thy Praise, O Lord!
 I will my Heart prepare;
 To all the living VWorld, thy VWorks,
 Thy wondrous VWorks declare.
- 2 The Thoughts of them, shall to my Soul,
 Exalted Pleasures bring,
 VVhilst to thy Name, O! thou most High,
 Triumphant Praise I sing.
- 3 In Song then, I'll sing thy Praise,
 To all that love thy Name,
 And with loud Strains of grateful Joy,
 Redeeming Love proclaim.
- 4 The Memory of our dying Lord,
 Awakes a thankful Tongue:
 How rich he spread his Royal Board,
 And blest the Food, and sung.
- 5 The glorious Banquet that we eat,
 Is made of Heavenly Things:
 Earth has no Dainties half so sweet,
 As our Redeemer brings.

- 6 In vain had upright *Adam* sought,
 And search'd his Garden round ;
 For there was no such blessed Fruit,
 In all fair *Eden's* Ground.
- 7 The bright Angelick Host above,
 Can never tast this Food :
 They feast upon their Maker's Love,
 But not a Saviour's Blood.
- 8 Indulgent GOD ! what can we pay,
 For Favours so divine :
 Here we devote our selves away,
 To be for ever thine.
-

H Y M N XLII.

- 1 **N**OW be that smiling Moment blest,
 When first I saw my Love :
Jesus the fairest and the best,
 of all the Forms above.
- 2 All Nature's Art shall never cure,
 The heavenly Pains I found,
 And 'tis beyond all Beauties Pow'r,
 To make another Wound.
- 3 Let me be lost in thy Embrace,
 As Rivers in the Sea,
 Or live eternity of Days,
 And spend 'em all with thee.
- 4 Sweet *Jesus*, ev'ry Smile of thine,
 Shall fresh Endearments bring :
 And thousand Tasts of new Delight,
 From all thy Graces spring.
- 5 Cheerful I feast on heavenly Fruit,
 And drink the Pleasure down,
 Pleasures that flow hard by the Foot
 Of the eternal Throne.

- 6 Let us indulge a chearful Frame,
 For Joy becomes a Feast.
 We love the Mem'ry of thy Name,
 More than the Wine we taste.
- 7 A thousand Glories to the GOD,
 Who gives such Joy as this :
 Hosanna! let it sound abroad,
 And reach where *Jesus* is.

H Y M N XLIII. *As the CXLVIIIth Psalm.*

- 1 **I**mmense Compassion reigns,
 In our *Emmanuel's* Heart,
 When he descends to act
 A Mediator's part :
 He is a Friend,
 And Brother too,
 Divinely kind,
 Divinely true.
- 2 Join all the Glorious Names,
 Of Wisdom Love and Pow'r,
 That ever Mortals knew,
 That Angels ever bore :
 All are too mean,
 To speak his worth,
 Too mean to set
 My Saviour forth.
- 3 Array'd in Mortal Flesh,
 He like an Angel stands,
 And holds the Promises,
 And Pardons in his Hands.
 Communion'd from
 His Father's Throne,
 To make his Grace
 To Mortals known.

- 4 To praise redeeming Love,
 Dear Christians lend a Voice,
 Come thou Diviner Dove,
 And help me to rejoice :
 My Heart so low,
 Lord, thou canst raise,
 Blest Spirit blow,
 And I shall praise.

H Y M N XLIV.

- 1 **I** Sojourn in a Vale of Tears,
 Alas how can I sing!
 My Harp do's on the Willows hang,
 dis-run'd in ev'ry String.
- 2 My Musick is a Captive's Chains,
 Harsh Sounds my Ears do fill,
 How shall I sing sweet *Sion's* Song,
 On this Side *Sion-Hill* ?
- 3 What have I in this barren Land ?
 My *Jesus* is not here,
 Mine Eyes ne'er will be blest untill
 My *Jesus* do's appear.
- 4 None but a *Christ*, none but my Lord,
 No Bribes can take with me ;
 A profer'd World wou'd be abhorr'd,
 A *Christ*, and none but he.
- 5 *Canaan* I view from *Pisgah's* Top,
 Of *Canaan's* Grapes I taste:
 My Lord, my God, to *Canaan's* Land,
 Will send for me at last.
- 6 How long dear Saviour, oh ! how long,
 Shall this bright Hour delay ?
 Fly swifter round, ye Wheels of Time,
 And bring the welcome Day.

- 7 Here we begin the lasting Song,
And even when we die,
'Tis only that we may sing on,
To all Eternity.
- 8 How best will be that Change by Death,
When we that lose shall gain,
And for a Beam enjoy a sun,
And Pleasures free from Pain.

HYMN XLV. *To be sung as the XXVth Psalm.*

- 1 **A** Wake my Heart and Tongue,
Prepare a tuneful Voice,
In *Christ*, the Life of all my Joys,
Aloud will I rejoice.
- 2 'Tis he adorn'd my Soul,
And made Salvation mine,
Upon a poor polluted Worm,
He makes his Graces shine.
- 3 Raise your triumphant Songs,
To an immortal Tune;
Let the wide Earth resound the Deeds,
Cælestial Grace has done.
- 4 Sing how eternal Love,
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bid him raise our wretched Race,
From their Abyss of Woes.
- 5 'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
And Wrath stood silent by,
When *Christ* was sent with Pardons down
To Rebels doom'd to die.
- 6 To my Redeemer GOD,
Wisdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majesty,
And everlasting Songs.

H Y M N XLVI.

- 1 **W**Hence, Lord, this unexampled Love,
To wretched Human kind,
What to attract thy Heart couldst thou,
In loathsome Sinners find?
- 2 Yet loaded with our Sins and Pains,
Thou thro' Death's Vale wouldst go,
That we made Innocent and Free,
The Way of Life might know.
- 3 **W**ormwood and Gall was once thy Meat,
Thy Cup with Terror fill'd;
That we might taste the Heavenly Sweets,
Thy Royal Banquets yield.
- 4 These are the Dainties of thy Grace,
And Love's delicious Fare,
The Flesh and Blood of God's dear Son,
Oh! Love beyond compare.
- 5 These sweet dear Pledges of thy Love,
Declare thee still the same:
For these Memorials of thy Cross,
VVe praise thy sacred Name.
- 6 To praise the Lord our Interest is,
Glad Hymns of Praise to sing.
And with just Songs to bless thy Name,
A most delightful Thing.

H Y M N XLVII.

- 1 **F**rom GOD, like VVorms, we crept away,
Christ found us in his Grave,
Next to his Heart he did us lay,
And dying did us save.

- 2 The Scripture saith, *This Holy One*
Might not corruption see,
But yet he may be fed upon,
By such poor Worms as we.
- 3 Come and behold, fall'n Man is up !
Dead *Lazarus* is rais'd,
And do's with his dear Saviour sup,
His Grace and Love be prais'd.
- 4 May Servants thus with their Lord sit,
As if they were his Mates ?
Yet this our Jesus do's permit,
Nay more, mean while he waits.
- 5 But *Lazarus* he his Friend did call,
We Traytors to him were,
Nor cou'd we rise without his Fall,
What matchless Love is here !
- 6 Come, happy Souls, approach his Throne,
With new melodious Songs,
Come render to Almighty Grace,
The Tribute of your Tongues.

H Y M N XLVIII. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **C**ome let us go and die with him,
Who was content to die for us :
Let's wound and crucifie those Sins,
that rais'd our Saviour to his Cross.
- 2 May holy Indignation raise,
A just Revenge in ev'ry Breast !
May ev'ry Soul that *Jesus* loves,
The very Thoughts of Sin detest !
- 3 His Life, the Model be of mine,
His Word, the Rule to guide my Ways,
His Cross the Death of all my Crimes,
His Love the Subject of my Praise.

- 4 To the Souls inward Harmony,
Join the sweet Musick of the Tongue,
No jarring Thought admitted be,
No Mind untun'd, no Heart unstring.
- 5 Our Souls to thee, Lord, we resign,
All we possess to thee belongs :
Thou hast our Vows; our Hearts are thine,
And thou shalt ever have our Songs.
- 6 With Offerings let his Altar flame,
While with grateful Thanks we express,
And with loud Joy his sacred Name,
For all his Acts of wonder bless.

H Y M N XLIX.

- 1 **H**Appy are those our Lord has chose,
In his blest Courts to dwell,
His Praises still their Thoughts employ,
Their Tongues his Glory tell.
- 2 With a Celestial Banquet here,
His Table's richly spread,
The Wine's the Tincture of his Veins,
His Body is the Bread.
- 3 Joy from his Torments we receive,
Life in his Death have found :
And the Reproaches of his Cross,
Shall be with Glory crown'd.
- 4 Who can to love thy Name forbear,
That of thy Sufferings hears,
And finds the Ransom of his Soul,
Was Blood, as well as Tears ?
- 5 Oh may our Sins, that made thee bleed,
All on thy Cross expire !
Oh may the Joys thy Banquet gives,
Equal our warm Desire !

- 6 So shall we mount upon the Wings
Of cheerful Hope and Love,
And here begin the Songs that we
Shall better sing Above.
-

H Y M N L

- 1 **H**OW bright and glorious is the Place,
Where Bread of Life is giv'n!
This surely is the House of GOD,
This is the Gate of Heav'n.
- 2 Here Paths of Life thou dost display,
Which to thy Presence lead,
Where Pleasures dwell without Allay,
And Joys that never fade.
- 3 When shall I mount to that bright Sea
Of uncreated Joys;
Which in the Realms above;
Triumphant Saints possess.
- 4 Then shall I see his lovely Face,
With strong immortal Eyes,
And feast upon his unknown Grace,
With Pleasure and Surprise.
- 5 If Saints on Earth are sick of Love,
And with thee long to be,
Oh then how shall we burn with Love,
When Face to Face we see!
- 6 For this let's sing the Lamb's new Song,
And also him adore:
The Moment's coming, we shall be
With him for evermore.

H Y M N

H Y M N L I.

- 1 **L**ook up my mournful Soul to him,
Whose Death was thy desert:
And humbly view the living Stream,
Flow from his bleeding Heart.
- 2 He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,
To raise us to his Throne:
There's ne'er a Gift his Hand bestows,
But cost his Heart a Groan.
- 3 This was Compassion like a GOD,
That when the Saviour knew,
The price of Pardon must be's Blood,
His Pity ne'er withdrew.
- 4 Tho' now he reigns exalted high,
His Love is still as great,
Well he remembers *Calvary*,
Nor let his Saints forget.
- 5 Our humble Faith here takes her Rise,
While sitting round his Board,
And back to *Calvary* she flies,
To view her bleeding Lord.
- 6 The praise that to thy Love belongs,
We will with joy proclaim,
Thy Love of all our grateful Songs,
Shall be the constant Theme.

H Y M N L II.

- 1 **H**OW are thy Glories here displayed,
Great GOD, how bright they shine!
While at thy Board we eat thy Bread,
And drink the richest Wine.

- 2 Here thy revenging Justice stands,
And pleads its dreadful Cause:
Here Mercy's Bowels roll and yern,
Toward's *Adam's* fall'n Race.
 - 3 Thy Saints attend with ev'ry Grace,
On this great Sacrifice:
Their Love appears with cheerful Face,
And Faith with fixed Eyes.
 - 4 Our Hope in waiting Posture sits,
Wing'd for the Realms of Light,
Here ev'ry warmer Passion meets,
And warmer Pow'rs unite.
 - 5 Zeal and Revenge perform their part,
And rising Sin destroy:
Repentance comes with aking Heart,
Yet not forbids the Joy.
 - 6 Dear Saviour change our Faith to Sight,
Let Sin for ever die,
Then shall our Souls be all delight,
And ev'ry Tear be dry.
-

H Y M N LIII.

- 1 **T**O God the Lord a Hymn of Praise,
With grateful Voices sing,
In Songs of Triumph tune the Heart,
And strike each warbling String.
- 2 Our Lord is good, fresh Acts of Grace,
His Pity still supplies,
His Anger moves with leisure pace,
His willing Mercy flies.
- 3 His Presence comforts in distress,
And all my Grievs controll,
His Beams, when Troubles hem me round,
Revive my fainting Soul.

- 4 With all the strength of warm Desires,
I do thy Smiles implore,
Unto my wounded Soul disclose,
Thy Mercy's boundless Stores.
- 5 Then will I say thy Fears are sweet,
Oh what Divine Repast!
How much more grateful Lord they be,
Than Honey to my Taste!
- 6 What a reviving Sight is this!
A righteous Saviour's Blood,
The Bath of Sin, the Spring of Bliss,
Most pure most sweet and good.
- 7 Behold the Myseries of his Grace,
His Table here displays,
Oh how the Sight our Souls shou'd move,
And Tongues to sing his Praise!
- 8 Here we are glad to view thy Love,
Thro' Figures, and in part,
But how much greater Joy will't be,
To see thee as thou art!

H Y M N LIV. *As the XXVth Psalm.*

- 1 **N**OW may our joyful Tongues,
Our Maker's Honour sing,
Jesus the Priest receives our songs,
And bears 'em to the King.
- 2 We bow before his Face,
And sound his Glories high,
Hosanna! to the GOD of Grace,
That lays his Thunder by.
- 3 On Earth his Mercy reigns,
And triumphs all Above,
But, Lord, how weak are mortal Sounds,
To speak immortal Love.

A. How

- 4 How jarring, and how low,
Are all the Notes we sing!
Sweet Saviour tune our Songs anew,
And they shall please the King.
- 5 Salvation to the King,
That sits enthron'd Above:
Thus we adore the GOD of Might,
And bless the GOD of Love.
- 6 Our Thoughts surmount the Skies,
And look within the Vail,
There Springs of endless Pleasures rise,
Sweet Springs that never fail.

H Y M N LV. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **I**N grateful Hymns, let Saints display,
Jehovah's Grace and boundless Love;
A Love whose Flame inspires the Songs,
Of all the Heavenly Host Above.
- 2 Descend, oh King of Saints! descend,
By thy free Spirits vital Heat,
Fresh Joy to ev'ry Soul extend,
That at thy Table finds a Seat.
- 3 Come dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By Beams of Love in ev'ry Breast,
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel,
Those Joys that cannot be express'd.
- 4 Oh King of Glory! on us shine,
Who thy rich Table now surround,
Let not our Sins eclipse thy Face,
Since thou hast such a Ransom found.
- 5 In thine own Ways oh God of Love!
We wait the Visits of thy Grace,
Our Souls desire is to thy Name,
And the Remembrance of thy Face.

- Here, Lord, will we fresh Altars raise,
 To GOD who is our only Joy,
 And well-tun'd Hearts, with Songs of Praise,
 Shall all our grateful Hymns employ.
-

H Y M N LVI.

- 1 I N vain we lavish out our Lives,
 To gather empty Wind:
 The choicest Blessings Earth can yield,
 Will starve a hungry Mind.
- 2 But here our hungry Souls are fed,
 With more substantial Meat,
 With such as Saints in Glory love,
 With such as Angels eat.
- 3 Lord, how Divine thy Comforts are,
 How Heavenly is the Place,
 Where *Jesus* spreads the sacred Feast,
 Of his redeeming Grace.
- 4 He speaks, and strait immortal Joys
 Inspires my drooping Heart,
 My Soul melts down at that dear Voice,
 I'm pleas'd in ev'ry part.
- 5 Come near, come nearer yet and move
 Thy sweetest Lips to mine,
 For why, thy Love, who art all Love,
 Exceeds the richest Wine.
- 5 For this I'll bless my *Christ* and King,
 And endless Praise proclaim,
 This Tribute daily I will bring,
 And ever bless his Name.

H Y M N LVII.

- 1 **G**lory to the Eternal Word,
 'Tis he our Souls has fed,
 Thou art our living Stream, O Lord!
 And our immortal Bread.
- 2 The *Manna* came from lower Skies,
 But *Jesus* from Above,
 Where the fresh Springs of Pleasure rise,
 And Rivers flow from Love.
- 3 His Flesh is Food and Physick too,
 A Balm for all our Pains:
 And the red Streams of Pardon flow
 Out of his bleeding Veins.
- 4 **V**hen we transgress *Jehovah's* Law,
Jehovah's Son atones:
 Oh! the dear Mystery of his Cross,
 The Triumphs of his Groans.
- 5 Mysterious Love! thy Depths I sing,
 How Nature's GOD did die;
 How Death was conquer'd by the Dead,
 Upon *Mount Calvary*.
- 6 Extol his Love in lofty Hymns,
 His wondrous **V**orks rehearse,
 Make them the Theme of your Discourse,
 And Subject of your Verse.
-

H Y M N LVIII.

- 1 **D**own headlong from their native Seat,
 The rebel Angels fell;
 And Thunder-bolts of flaming **V**rath
 Pursu'd 'em deep to Hell.

- 2 Down from the Height of earthly Bliss,
Rebellious Man was thrown,
But *Jesus* stoop to take him up,
To save's Life, lost his own
- 3 Oh then! Let our Thoughts daily swim,
In this vast Sea of Grace,
Must GOD's Eternal Darling die,
To save a Traytor's Race?
- 4 Must Angels sink for ever down,
And burn in endless Fire,
VVhile God forsakes his brightest Throne
To raise us VVretches higher.
- 5 Our guilty Treasons call'd aloud,
For Chains of Darkness too:
Oh! Sovereign Work of Grace that cou'd
distinguish Rebels so.
- 6 Oh! for this Love let Earth and Skies,
VVith Hallelujah's ring,
And the full Choir of human Tongues,
All Hallelujah sing.

H Y M N LIX. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **B**Ehold the Rose of *Sharon* here,
The Lilly which the Valleys bear!
Behold the Tree of Life that gives,
Refreshing Fruit, and healing Leaves.
- 2 Beneath his cooling Shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning Heat:
Of Heavenly Fruit he spreads a Feast,
To feed my Eyes, and please my Taste.
- 3 Kindly he brought me to the Place,
VVhere stands the Banquet of his Grace,
He saw me faint, and o'er my Head,
The Banner of his Love he spread.

- 4 The gladness of this happy Day,
Our Hearts wou'd wish it long to stay :
Nor let our Faith forsake its Hold,
Nor Comfort sink, nor Love grow cold.
- 5 I charge you all, ye Earthly Toys,
Approach not to disturb my Joys ;
Nor Sin, nor Hell come near my Heart,
Nor cause my Saviour to depart.
- 6 *Jesus*, thou everlasting King,
Accept the Tribute which I bring :
Accept the well-deserv'd Renown,
And wear my Praises as thy Crown.
-

H Y M N LX.

- 1 **L**ORD draw me with the Cords of Love,
And Ill run after thee :
Fain wou'd I come, but cannot move,
Sin so enfeebles me.
- 2 But, Lord, if thou wilt draw, I'll come,
My GOD, thy Feast is sweet ;
Thy Presence-Chamber is the Room,
Where Souls and Pleasures meet.
- 3 My earthly Pleasures I forget,
To think upon thy Love,
All upright Souls their Minds do set,
On thee my Lord Above.
- 4 None but a *Jesus*, none but he,
He is the chiefest good .
My *Jesus* is the fruitful Tree,
And others barren Wood.
- 5 He is a Shadow from the Heat,
Of Conscience, Wrath, and Hell,
He is true Manna, Heav'nly Meat,
Which feeds his *Israel*.

- 6 In grateful Thanks let *Israel* then,
 Their cheerful Voices raise,
 And where the great Assembly meets,
 Set forth his glorious Praise.
-

H Y M N LXI.

- 1 **H**OW shall I sing that Majesty,
 Which Angels do admire ?
 How in the Work my self employ,
 Of the Cælestial Quire ?
- 2 They sing because thou art their Sun :
 Lord send a Beam on me ;
 For where Light is but once begun,
 There Hallelujahs be.
- 3 Enlighten with Faith's Light, my Heart,
 Enflame it with Love's Fire,
 Then shall I sing, and bear a part,
 With the Cælestial Quire.
- 4 I shall, I fear, be dark and cold,
 With all my Fire and Light ;
 Yet when thou dost accept their Gold,
 Lord treasure up my Mite.
- 5 To whom, Lord, shou'd I sing but thee,
 The Maker of my Tongue ?
 Lo ! other Lords wou'd seize on me,
 But I to thee belong.
- 6 Mysterious Depths of endless Love,
 Our Admiration raise :
 My GOD ! thy Name exalted is,
 High, far above our Praise.

H Y M N LXII.

- 1 **M**Y *Jesus* he is Strength to me,
 VWhen I do fainting lie ;
 He's Health in Sicknesh, Life in Death,
 In VVar, he's Victory.
- 2 In Famine he is Food to me,
 In Thirst he's Royal VVine,
 No want can be attending me,
 Since *Christ*, the Lord, is mine.
- 3 My *Jesus* he is Light to me,
 VWhen I in Darknesh go.
 Such Fulnesh in my *Jesus* is,
 That I no want can know.
- 4 My *Jesus* he is Liberty,
 VWhen Bondage do's enslave :
 My *Jesus* he is all to me,
 VWhate'er my Soul can crave.
- 5 Tho' we be poor, in him we're rich,
 Tho' weak, in him we're strong,
 VWhen with'ring, in this Tree of Life,
 VVe flourish all along.
- 6 My *Christ* he is the Heav'n of Heav'n,
 My *Christ*, what shall I call,
 My *Christ* is First, my *Christ* is Last,
 My *Christ* is All in All.
- 7 All Hail to thee, exalted Prince,
 Our Husband, Brother, Friend,
 To thee be Honour, Glory, Praise,
 To Ages without end.

H Y M N LXIII. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **F**OR thee, O Lord! our constant Praise,
In *Sion* waits, thy chosen Seat,
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous Vows compleat,
- 2 Blest is the Man, who near thee plac'd,
VVithin thy sacred Dwelling lives :
VWhile we at humbler distance taste,
The vast Delights thy Temple gives.
- 3 Thy Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,
My Song on them shall ever dwell,
To Ages yet unborn, my Tongue,
Thy never-failing Grace shall tell.
- 4 For such stupendious Scene of Love,
Both Heav'n and Earth just Praises owe,
By Choirs of Angels sung Above,
And by assembled Saints Below.

H Y M N LXIV. *As the CXLVIIIth Psalm.*

- 1 **G**reat Prophet of my GOD,
My Tongue wou'd bless thy Name,
By thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came.
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell subdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.
- 2 *Jesus* my great High-Priest,
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd,
My guilty Conscience seeks
No Sacrifice beside.
His powerful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

3 My Dear Almighty Lord,
 My Conqueror and King,
 Thy Scepter and thy Sword,
 Thy reigning Grace I sing.
 Thine is the Power,
 Behold I sit,
 In willing Bonds,
 Before thy Feet.

4 His chosen Saints to Grace,
 He sets their Horn on high,
 And favours *Israel's* Race,
 Who still to him are nigh.
 Oh! therefore raise,
 Your grateful Voice,
 And still rejoice,
 The Lord to praise.

H Y M N LXV.

1 **W**E see thee at thy Table Lord,
 By Faith, with great Delight :
 Oh how refin'd these Joys will be,
 VVhen Faith is turn'd to Sight !

2 VVe see how ev'ry VVound of thine,
 A precious Balm distills,
 VVhich heals the VVounds that Sin has made,
 VVith Joy the Sinner fills.

3 Thy Wounds are Mouths that preach thy Grace
 The Characters of Love,
 The Seals of our expected Bliss,
 In *Paradise* Above.

4 Since thou for us hast born a Cross,
 TLo' free from ev'ry Crime :
 How great shou'd be our Love to thee !
 Our Praises, how sublime !

- 5 And tho' thy Rent we cannot make,
Till thou shalt bless our Store,
Yet, Lord, we pray thee stoop and take
This Mite, till we have more.
- 6 And yet, alas! what can we do?
What shou'd our Present be?
Thou art so high, and we so low,
Yea nothing unto thee.

H Y M N LXVI.

- 1 **A** Wake my Soul, here *Jesus* stands,
He looks. he breaths. he moves,
By Faith thou may'st discern him plain,
In this sweet Feast of Loves.
- 2 And art thou here, indeed, my Lord!
Draw nearer yet to me,
And nearer, nearer, my Dear Lord,
Too near thou canst not be.
- 3 Dear *Jesus* come and visit me,
A Stranger do not prove:
Heal Wounds of Sin speak Peace, that I
Thy Voice may hear and love.
- 4 Sweet Spirit come, like Southern Gales,
Within me breath and move:
Blow up my spark into a Flame,
That I may burn with Love.
- 5 'Tis Love that makes my cheerful Feet,
In swift Obedience move;
The Devils know, and tremble too,
But Devils cannot love.
- 6 Ye Angels, and triumphant Saints,
Praise ye our Lord Above,
While we his Servants here below,
Extol his Praise, and Love.

H Y M N LXVII. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **T**HE Heavens high are not too high,
Christ's mighty Praise may thither fly.
 The Earth beneath is not too low,
 His Praises there may also grow.
 - 2 Let Earth in ev'ry Corner sing,
 The high Praises of *Christ* my King.
 Immortal Heat my Heart inspire,
 Let thy bright Flame set it on fire.
 - 3 On fire, that may my Sins consume,
 And Heart with Odours sweet perfume:
 Then will I with the grateful Train,
 In Hymns send back thy Fire again.
 - 4 Take Wing, my Soul, and upwards fly,
 To the blest and bright Fields of Day.
 Here's nothing, nothing, here below,
 That can deserve thy longer stay.
 - 5 How long, Great GOD! how long must I
 Immur'd in this dark Prison lie?
 I long to see that Excellence,
 Which at such distance strikes my Sense.
 - 6 When shall I leave this mortal Sphere,
 And be all Mind, all Eye, all Ear?
 When shall I at the Centre come,
 That native Seat of Rest and Home?
-

H Y M N LXVIII.

- 1 **E**Xtended on a Cross, we see,
 The Lord whom we adore,
 Both giving and receiving Wounds,
 Bath'd in triumphant Gore.

E 4

2 Look

- 2 Look how he bends his gentle Head,
With Blessings from the Tree,
How he unlocks his Vital-Springs,
That Life may spring in me.
- 3 To cure our Wounds, and putrid Sores
Was pain'd in ev'ry Limb;
His Cross our Tree of Life, became
A Tree of Death to him.
- 4 Remember all his mighty Deeds;
His Sorrows all review;
How he abas'd his Glorious Self,
To bleed and die for you.
- 5 Who's Love our higher Thro'ts surmount,
And ne'er can be express'd,
Yet something of it we may tell,
And wonder out the rest.
- 6 Oh! then to him that loved thus,
And cancell'd out our Score,
In the pure Stream of his own Blood,
Be praise for evermore.

H Y M N LXIX.

- 1 **T**HE bright celestial Dove came down,
And tender'd me his Wings,
To mount me upward to a Crown,
And bright immortal Things.
- 2 Great GOD! I am ashamed to say,
That I refus'd thy Dove,
And sent thy Spirit giv'd away,
To his own Realm of Love.
- 3 Now, Lord, for one reviving Glance,
A Glance from thy sweet Face,
That Rebel Heart no more will stand,
But sinks beneath thy Grace.

4 O'ercome

- 4 O'ercome by Sovereign Grace, I fall,
And at thy Cross I lie;
I throw my Self, my Soul, my All,
And weep, and love, and die.
- 5 I weep my own Deserts to see,
In what my Saviour bore,
And finding his transferr'd to me,
I love, and I adore.
- 6 When all defil'd with Sin I was,
He bled to wash me clean;
To him be Honour, Glory, Praise,
For evermore, *Amen.*
-

H Y M N LXX.

- 1 **B**Ehold the Glories of the Lamb,
Upon his Father's Throne;
Prepare new Honours for his Name,
And Songs before unknown.
- 2 Ascribe all Glory to our Lord,
Who is altogether Fair,
Created Beauties are but Shades,
If they with him compare.
- 3 The lesser Lights all disappear,
When once my Sun do's shine,
And tho' Ten thousand Lords were here,
None cou'd compare with mine.
- 4 In darkest Shades, if he appear,
My Dawning is begun:
Christ is my Soul's bright Morning-Star,
And he my Rising-Sun.
- 5 Sure this the Gate of Heaven is,
Methinks I'm entering in,
Where I shall always see his Face,
And grieve no more for Sin.

- 6 Ten thousand Praises let us give,
 To our blest Lord on high;
 Let Heart, and Lip, and Life combine,
 To make the Melody.
-

H Y M N LXXI.

- 1 **A** Rise my Soul, awake my Voice,
 And Tunes of Pleasure sing:
 Sing Songs to celebrate the Death,
 Of *Jacob's* GOD and KING.
- 2 I sing the Miracle of Love,
 It's Wonders who can tell?
 Love it self is all Miracle
 Love dies for Man that fell.
- 3 How condescending, and how kind,
 Was GOD's Eternal Son!
 Our Miseries reach'd his tender Mind,
 And Pity brought him down.
- 4 When prest by GOD Almighty's Wrath,
 His Eyes in Tears were spent,
 Nay more, his Body weeps all o'er,
 His mighty Grief to vent
- 5 Marbles can weep, and cannot I?
 Pardon, Lord, *Christ* makes good,
 My want of flowing Tears and Groans,
 With his pure Stream of Blood.
- 6 My Heart that flinty stubborn Thing,
 That Terrors cannot move,
 That fears no Threatning of thy Wrath,
 Shall be dissolv'd by Love.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXII.

- 1 **T**HY mighty Works great *Gabriel* sings
 In a too feeble Praise:
 And labours on his speaking Strings,
 To reach thy Praise in vain.
- 2 Then how shall trembling Mortals dare,
 To sing thy glorious Grace,
 Beneath thy Feet we lie so far,
 At distance from thy Face.
- 3 Great GOD! indulge a mortal Tongue,
 Nor let thy Thunders rise,
 While we in Tears, and feeble Song,
 Attempt thy glorious Praise.
- 4 We sing our Saviour's wondrous Death,
 He conquer'd when he fell;
 'Tis finish'd, said his dying Breath,
 He dy'd, and conquer'd Hell.
- 5 GOD's Wrath was also finish'd too,
 And Justice satisfy'd,
 When *Christ* was made a Sacrifice,
 For Man, that shou'd have dy'd.
- 6 'Tis finish'd, cry'd our dearest Lord,
 When he hung on the Tree:
 Oh! what a pleasant Sound was this,
 What he did, 'twas for me.

H Y M N LXXIII. *As the CXLVIIIth Psalm.*

- 1 **Y**E holy Angels bright,
 Which stand before GOD's Throne,
 And dwell in glorious Light,
 Praise ye the Lord each One.
 You there so nigh,
 Fitter than we,
 Dark Sinners be,
 For Things so high.

2 Nor

- 2 Nor let his Praises grow,
On Prosperous Heights alone,
But in the Vales below,
Let his great Love be known.
Let no Distress,
Curb and controul,
My winged Soul,
And Praise suppress.
- 3 My Soul bear thou thy part,
Triumph in GOD Above,
And with a well-tun'd Heart,
Sing thy Redeemer's Love:
Thou art his own,
Whose precious Blood,
Shed for thy good,
His Love made known.
- 4 Now let my Soul arise,
And tread the Tempter down,
My Captain leads me forth,
To Conquest and a Crown.
A feeble Saint
Shall win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.

H Y M N LXXIV.

- 1st **T** Was for my Sins my Sovereign Lord
Hung on a cursed Tree,
And groan'd away a dying Life,
For thee, my Soul, for thee.
- 2^d Whilst with a melting broken Heart,
My murder'd Lord I view,
I'll raise Revenge against my Sins,
And slay the Murderers too.

- 3 Forgive my Guilt, oh Prince of Peace!
 I'll wound my GOD no more :
 Hence from my Heart, ye Sins be gone,
 For *Jesus* I adore.
- 4 Lord I have long abus'd thy Love,
 Too long indulg'd my Sin,
 My aking Heart e'en bleeds to think,
 What Rebel I have been.
- 5 Now to my Soul, Immortal King,
 Speak some forgiving Word ;
 Then 'twill be double Joy to sing,
 The Glories of my Lord.
- 6 Then, Lord, in thee will I rejoice,
 Who didst the Curse remove,
 I'll bless the Lamb with cheerful Voice,
 And sing his bleeding Love.

HYMN LXXV. *To be sung as the XXVth Psalm.*

- 1 **L**ORD cleanse our spotted Souls,
 And wash away our Stains,
 In the dear Fountain that thy Son,
 Pour'd from his dying Veins.
- 2 Not all the Blood of Beasts,
 On *Jewish* Altars slain,
 Can give the guilty Conscience Peace,
 Or wash away the Stain.
- 3 But *Christ* the Heav'nly Lamb,
 Takes all our Sins away,
 A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
 And richer Blood than they.
- 4 The Brightness of thy Face,
 To us, oh Lord! display,
 And as thy Mercies still increase,
 O Lord! increase our Joy.

5 Since

- 5 Since Mercy is the Grace,
That most exalts thy Name,
Forgive our heinous Sins, O Lord!
And we'll advance thy Fame.
- 6 To GOD the only Wise,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies,
Their humble Praises sing.
-

H Y M N LXXVI.

- 1 **O**H! praise the Lord in this blest Place,
To which his Goodness largely flows;
Praise him in Heaven, where he his Face,
Unveil'd, in perfect Glory shows.
- 2 The Lamb there fills the glorious Throne,
And sheds around his brightest Beams;
There shall we feast on his rich Love,
And drink full Joys from living Streams.
- 3 We yield our Pow'rs to his Commands,
To him we consecrate our Days,
Perpetual Blessings from his Hands,
Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.
- 4 But, Mighty GOD! our feeble Tongues,
In vain attempt thy Name to raise,
Since Angels with their loftier Songs,
Faint in the Worship, and the Praise.
- 5 Was ever equal Pity found,
The Prince of Life resign'd his Breath,
Christ pour'd his Life out on the Ground,
To ransom guilty Worms from Death.
- 6 In vain our mortal Voices strive,
To speak Compassion so Divine,
Had we a thousand Lives to give,
A thousand Lives shou'd all be thine.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXVII.

- 1 **H**ere let us breath a while, and view,
The sad't Picture Sorrow e'er drew,
The Lord of Life nail'd to a Tree,
Crown'd with sharp Thorns and Infamy.
- 2 Full three long Hours he did sustain,
Most exquisite and piercing Pain,
So long the Sun its Light withdrew,
Wondring how th' Stars his Death cou'd view.
- 3 Long was he willing to decline,
Th' Encounter of the Wrath Divine ;
Thrice 'twas he sent for his release,
Pathetick Embassies of Peace.
- 4 At length his Love o'ercame his Doubt,
And so the bloody Flag hung out,
And now the Tragick-Scene's display'd,
Floods of Griefs before's Eyes are laid.
- 5 When he's seiz'd on by warlike Bands,
With Cords they bind his sacred Hands ;
But, oh ! what nothings wou'd they prove
But for those stronger ones of Love.
- 6 Declines all Guards for his defence,
But that of his dear Innocence :
Freely sheds his Blood, to supply,
With Men, the Ruins of the Sky.
- 7 Here here, my Soul, stop and admire!
Here see the Prince of Life expire!
Can we this gloomy Scene review,
And all our Wounds not bleed anew ?
- 8 Such wondrous Love awakes the Lip,
Of Saints that were almost asleep,
To speak the Praises of thy Name,
And makes our cold Affections flame.

H Y M N LXXVIII.

- 1 **F**arewel vain World, I bid Adieu,
 Thou canst not fill, but cloy:
 Thy Throne, O GOD! do's send forth new
 And more refined Joy.
- 2 There Pleasure rolls its living Floods,
 From Sin and Dross refin'd:
 Still springing from the Throne of GOD,
 To cheer the exalted Mind.
- 3 Dread Sovereign, and my Saviour Lord,
 As thou dost smile or frown,
 Grov'ling Mortals find Ease in Chains,
 Or Anguish in a Crown.
- 4 With broken Heart, and fervent Cries,
 Unto thy Cross I fly;
 Tho' other Hopes, and Refuge fail,
 On thee I can rely.
- 5 The Blood descending from thy Wounds,
 Is Oil and Wine to ours;
 No Ease till thy kind Hand, this Balm,
 Into my Conscience pours.
- 6 Then will I bless and praise the Lamb,
 Oh! that my Lips cou'd move,
 In Strains immortal as his Name,
 And melting as his Love.

H Y M N LXXIX.

- 1 **S**aid I not, I wou'd sin no more,
 Witness, my GOD, I did,
 Yet I'm run again on the Score,
 My Faults cannot be hid.
- 2 What shall I vow, and not perform?
 My Vows, when shall I keep?
 My GOD, my Vows I'll vow again,
 And if I break 'em, weep.

3 Yea

- 3 Yea, I'll weep for my broken Vows,
 I'll grieve and weep again;
 Sure solemn Vows, renew'd by Tears,
 Cannot be still in vain?
- 4 To thee my Sighs, my Tears ascend,
 Bowels of Pity hear;
 Lord of my Soul, Love of my Mind,
 Bow down thy gentle Ear.
- 5 To thee I cry, and cry again,
 And in no rest can be,
 'Till I a thankful Heart obtain,
 A thankful Heart of the.
- 6 A Heart whose constant Pulse may strike,
 Thy Praise, O King of Peace,
 To praise is all we are to give,
 'Tis Angels Food to praise.
- 7 Off'rings of Praise to thee I'll bring,
 And whilst I bless thy Name,
 The just performance of my Vows,
 To all thy Saints proclaim.

H Y M N LXXX. *As the CXIII. Psalm.*

- 1 **C**ome Royal *Sion*, come and sing,
 Thy Soul's kind Saviour and thy King,
 Stretch all thy Pow'rs, thy Song to raise,
 And since this lofty Theme's Above,
 The best Affection of thy Love,
 Call Heav'n's loud Choir to help thy Praise.
- 2 Sing how his Love from Heav'n's high Throne,
 To Earth's low Footstool brought him down,
 For thee a cursed Death to die,
 Sing, that when hence he did remove,
 He left a Legacy of Love,
 His needful Presence to supply.

- 3 Hark! hark! the Praises that are giv'n,
By all the glorious Host of Heav'n,
To this kind GOD and SAVIOUR:
And what shall any Saints below,
Think much their Praises to bestow,
On One who dy'd upon their Score?
- 4 Blest be the Love that thus made thee,
Fix with our low Mortality:
Oh! may it raise our Souls on high,
Then to the Sacred THREE in ONE,
To *Father, Holy Ghost, and Son,*
Will we sing praise eternally.

H Y M N LXXXI.

- 1 **A** Way dark Thoughts, awake my Joy,
Awake my Glory, sing,
Sing Songs to solemnize the Birth,
Of *Israel's* GOD and KING.
- 2 Hail blessed Day, wherein a Bride,
A Virgin, which is more,
Brought forth a Son, the Son of GOD,
To be our Saviour.
- 3 In *Bethlem* Town the Infant lies,
Within a Place obscure,
Oh little *Bethlem*! poor in Walls,
But rich in Furniture.
- 4 Our King is born without a Court,
And exil'd from the Skies,
Lodg'd in an Inn, the Lord of all,
That sinful Worms might rite.
- 5 My serious Truth! can we believe,
That *Christ* our Lord should be,
Lamb Shepherd and Lion too,
Yet such a One was he.

4 Shepherd

- 6 Shepherd of Men, and Angels great,
The Holy Lamb of GOD ;
Lion and Lord of *Juda's* Tribe,
Supremely Great and Good.
- 7 Since Heav'n is now come down to Earth
Hither the Angels fly :
Hark how the heavenly Quire sing,
Glory to GOD on high
- 8 Shall Angels bright, rejoice and sing
And we sit silent by ?
He's born for us, and we for him,
Glory to GOD on high.
-

H Y M N LXXXII.

- 1 **I**N Nature's most delightful Scene,
My happy Portion lies,
The Place where Saints on Earth convene,
All other Lands outvies.
- 2 My Thanks I'll publish here, and speak,
How, Lord, thy Love excels,
That Seat affords me most delight,
In which thine Honour dwells.
- 3 In a dark Dungeon, as the Night,
I might have spent my Days,
But thou hast sent me Gospel-Light,
To thine eternal Praise.
- 4 The Sun which rose up in the East,
And drove their Shades away,
His healing Wings have reach'd the West,
And turn'd our Night to Day.
- 5 I've found the Pearl of greatest Price,
My Heart do's sing for Joy,
And sing I must, a *Christ* I have,
Oh what a *Christ* have I !

- 6 I cannot live contented here,
 Unless I see thy Face,
 And Heav'n without thy Presence there,
 Wou'd be a tiresome Place.
-

H Y M N LXXXIII. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **C**hris't is our Theme, great Israel's King,
 Whole Praise admiring Angels sing,
 They see him and from Vision raise,
 To wondrous Heights their Love and Praise.
- 2 White is his Soul, from blemish free,
 Red with the Blood he shed for me :
 The Fairest of Ten thousand Fairs,
 A Sun among Ten thousand Stars.
- 3 His Head the finest Gold excells,
 There Wisdom in perfection dwells,
 And Glory like a Crown adorns,
 Those Temples once beset with Thorns.
- 4 To Jesus let our Praises rise,
 Who gave his Life a Sacrifice :
 Now he appears before his GOD,
 And for our Pardons, pleads his Blood.
-

H Y M N LXXXIV.

- 1 **N**OW the full Glories of the Lamb,
 Adorns the heavenly Plains,
 And the young Cherubs learn his Name,
 And try their choicest Strain :
- 2 Oh ! may I bear some humble part,
 In that immortal Song,
 Wonder and Joy shall tune my Heart,
 And Love command my Tongue.

3 Sweet

- 3 Sweet Hymns of Love come let us sing,
 Let Love us act and move,
 Let Love our Voices tune to praise
 Our GOD, for GOD is Love.
- 4 Tho' to extol his wondrous Grace,
 Our Words too low will prove,
 Yet thou wilt ne'er refuse a Song,
 From Hearts inspir'd with Love.
- 5 Thus will we mount on sacred Wings,
 And tread the Courts Above,
 Nor Earth, nor all her brightest Things,
 Shall tempt our meanest Love.
- 6 Come thou sweet Object of my Love,
 From Bonds my Soul set free:
 Come dear Lord, let's hence remove,
 Where Love's in Extacy.
- 7 When wilt thou lead thy heav'nly Flock,
 Where living Fountains rise,
 And Love Divine shall wipe away,
 The Sorrows of our Eyes.
- 8 Where present Thirst shall leave our Souls
 And Hunger flee as fast,
 And Fruit of Life's immortal Tree,
 Shall be our sweet Repast.

H Y M N LXXXV.

- 1 **W**HEN we were destitute of Strength,
 Our precious Souls to save,
 Christ for ungodly Men at length,
 His Life a Ransom gave.
- 2 Some for a Friend, perhaps, wou'd die,
 But who wou'd for a Foe;
 Yet Jesus pour'd his Soul to death,
 For us, whilst we were so.

- 3 Thus GOD his matchless Love commends,
In sending *Christ* to die,
For Man, when Man was not his Friend,
But wretched Enemy.
- 4 Much more then, when that precious Blood
Has clear'd our guilty Score,
Shall we thro' him, from Wrath to come,
Be sav'd for evermore.
- 5 For if when Enemies we were,
Christ dy'd to end the Strife;
Much more when reconciled thus,
He'll save us by his Life.
- 6 Nay more, we in our GOD rejoice,
Thro' *Jesus Christ* our Lord,
By whose Atonement we are now,
To his free Love restor'd.
- 7 Wherefore unto the Lamb we bring,
The Sacrifice of Praise,
The grateful Fruit of thankful Lips,
Shall him attend always.

H Y M N LXXXVI. *As the C Psalm.*

- 1 **B** Lett be the Father, and his Love,
To whose Celestial Source we owe,
Rivers of endless Joy above,
And Rills of Comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of GOD,
From whose dear wounded Body rolls
A precious Stream of vital Blood,
Pardon and Life for dying Souls.
- 3 We give the Sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe,
Makes living Springs of Grace arise,
And in a boundless Glory flow.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXVII.

- 1 **G**LORY to GOD the Father's Name,
Who gave his Son for me:
Lo! from the Centre of my Heart,
To him I bow my Knee.
 - 2 Glory to GOD the Son he paid,
Who dwelt in humble Clay,
And to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own Life away.
 - 3 Glory to GOD the Spirit give,
From whose Almighty Pow'r,
Our Souls their heavenly Birth derive,
And bless the happy Hour.
-

H Y M N LXXXVIII. *As the XXVth Psalm.*

- 1 **L**ET GOD the Father live
For ever on our Tongues,
Sinners from his first Love derive,
The ground of all their Songs.
- 2 Ye Saints employ your Breath,
In honour to the Son,
Who bo't your Souls from Hell and Death
By off'ring up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise,
Of an immortal Strain
Whose Light and pow'ful Grace conveys
Salvation down to Men.
- 4 Salvation! Oh the joyful Sound!
'Tis pleasure to our Ears.
A Sovereign Balm to ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.

H Y M N

H Y M N LXXXIX. *As the CXLVIII Psalm.*

- 1 **I** Give immortal Praise,
 To GOD the Father's Love,
 For all my Comforts here,
 And better Hopes Above.
 He sent his own
 Eternal Son,
 To die for Sins,
 That Man had done.
- 2 To GOD the Son belongs,
 Immortal Glory too,
 Who bought us with his Blood,
 From everlasting Woe ;
 And now he lives,
 And now he reigns,
 And sees the Fruit
 Of all his Pains.
- 3 To GOD the Spirits name,
 Immortal Worship give,
 Whose new creating Pow'r,
 Makes the dead Sinner live,
 His Work compleats
 The great Design,
 And fills the Soul
 With Joy Divine
- 4 To GOD the Father's Throne,
 Perpetual Honour raise,
 Glory to GOD the Son :
 To GOD the Spirit praise.
 And while our Lips
 Their Tribute bring,
 Our Faith adores
 The Name we sing.

(75)
HYMN XC. PSAL. CXVI. *As the C. Psalm.*

- 1 **S**INCE GOD so tender a regard,
To all my poor Requests did give,
My best Affections he shall have,
And best Devotions, whilst I live.
 - 2 What shall I render to the Lord,
For all the Kindness he has shown?
I'll humbly offer him my Praise,
And thankfully his Favours own.
 - 3 The solemn payment of the Vows
I made to GOD, shall be my care;
Who sav'd me from approaching Death,
And shew'd my Life to him was dear.
 - 4 By all Engagements, Lord, I'm thine,
Thy Servant whom thou hast set free,
The very Bonds which thou hast loos'd,
Shall tie me faster unto thee.
-

HYMN XCI. PSALM CL.

- 1 **P**RAISE GOD within that sacred Place,
Where he his Grace bestows;
Your wond'ring Thro'ts to Heav'n raise,
Where he his Glory shows.
- 2 Let all his mighty Acts of Pow'r;
Your inward Passions move;
That your Acknowledgments may suit,
The greatness of his Love.
- 3 Since all to this Creator owe,
That Breath by which they live,
Let ev'ry Thing that breaths, to him
Their cheerful Praises give.

HYMN XCII.

OF BAPTISM.

- 1 **M**AN is a Lepar from the Womb,
An *Ethiopian* born;
A Traytor's guilty Son and Heir,
Worthy of Pain and Scorn.
- 2 And dost thou, Lord, view such a One,
Art not thine most pure?
But they are Eyes of Pity too,
To those who beg a Cure.
- 3 My leprous Soul's a lothsome sight,
But *Jesus* casts an Eye,
And bids me wash in *Jordan's* Streams,
To cure my Leprosie.
- 4 This *Ethiopian* Nature's chang'd,
And made as white as Snow,
When dipt in wonder-working Streams,
Which from *Christ's* Side did flow.
- 5 As *Adam* slept, and from his Side,
A killing *Eve* arose,
So from our Lord's dear wounded Side,
A pure Life-Fountain flows.
- 6 Blest above Streams is *Jordan's* Flood,
Which toucheth *Canaan's* Shore,
I'll sing thy Praise in *Jordan's* Streams,
In *Canaan* evermore.

HYMN

H Y M N XCVL

Of the MINISTERS

- 1 **F** A I R are the Feet which brings the News
Of Gladness unto me :
What happy Messengers are these,
Which my blest Eyes do see?
- 2 These are the Stars which GOD appoints,
For Guides unto my Eyes,
To lead me unto *Beeth'lem Town*,
Where my dear Saviour lies.
- 3 These are my GOD's Ambassadors,
By whom his Mind I know ;
GOD's Angels in his lower Heav'n,
GOD's Stewards here below.
- 4 They speak thy Word, but thou, Lord, dost
A hearing Ear bestow :
They smite the Rock, but thou, my GOD,
Dost make the Waters flow.
- 5 As Sons of Thunder, first they come,
And I the Lightning fear,
But then they bring me to my Home,
And Sons of Comfort are.
- 6 I bless my GOD, who is my Guide,
I sing in *Sion's Ways*,
When shall I sing on *Sion's Hill*,
Thine everlasting Praise?

F I N I S.

As the C Psalm.

ALL Glory to thy wondrous Name;
 Father of Mercy, GOD of Love;
 Thus we exalt the Lord the Lamb,
 And thus we praise the Heavenly Dove.

Common Tune.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The GOD whom we adore,
 Be Glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

As the XVth Psalm.

GIVE to the FATHER Praise,
 Give Glory to the SON,
 And to the SPIRIT of his Grace,
 Be equal Honour done.



